142

LOue is my ſinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my ſinne, grounded on ſinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne ſtate,
And thou ſhalt finde it merrits not reprooving,
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeald falſe bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ſt thoſe,
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deſerue to pittied bee.
If thou dooſt ſeeke to haue what thou dooſt hide,
By ſelfe example mai'ſt thou be denide.

143

LOe as a carefull huſwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would haue ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kiſſe me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maiſt haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying ſtill.

144

TWo loues I haue of comfort and diſpaire;
Which like two ſpirits do ſugieſt me ſtill,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worſer ſpirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me ſoone to hell my ſemall euill,

Tempteth